

GRAPHIC

VOL. XXI. NO. 3.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

- AUGUST 20th, 1904

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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Adapted from the Los Angeles Herald of March 2, 1902

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123 Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Home Phone 5354

Sunset James 7331

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE : : : : : \$2.50 Per Year

Entered at the Post Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
as Second Class Mail Matter.

CHARACTER SKETCHES

V.

Henry W. O'Melveny.

If I were asked to define Henry W. O'Melveny's character and manhood in two words, I would reply, "Nature's Nobleman."

Although a shrewd man of affairs and an eminent lawyer, it is by his devotion to the Mother of us All that his intimate friends best know and love Henry W. O'Melveny. In his offices in the old Baker block, where, loyal to tradition, he has steadfastly remained, despite the southern march of business, clients find a keen-witted, forceful lawyer, conservative of opinion and scrupulously accurate in detail, apparently obsessed by his profession, by his knowledge and skill in the law, and by his devotion to business. But you do not know the man until you have seen him some seven miles up the San Gabriel cañon, where he has founded a country home for his family and a retreat for himself from the vortex of the business and social world. There O'Melveny is absolutely at home and in his element. The fact that he is a master of logic does not despoil his birthright, which is that of a free man and a poet. It is his love of nature and his poetic fancy—the wealth of imagination that he has won by devout study of nature and a long friendship with the best minds in books—that most endear him to his friends. In the busy press of twentieth-century life, in this, the commercial age when we are all chasing the Ignis Fatuus of success, measured only in our modern market by the Almighty Dollar, such is a rare combination of head and heart.

In my sketch of the Grand Old Man of Southern California, Jonathan Sayre Slauson, I had to rely on O'Melveny's imagery to conjure a true portrait of the "Old Oak." I have never listened to an afterdinner speech that impressed me more than that same tribute to Slauson, paid on his birthday dinner three years ago by O'Melveny. Perhaps a poet can alone do justice to a poet and hence I feel incompetent to draw a satisfactory sketch of H. W. O'M. When I call him a "poet," I do not mean that he writes verses. He may have done so—I hope he has—but he has been too modest to expose such secrets of his soul to the scrutiny of his friends. I mean by "poetry" the gift of imagination—the true inspiration that gave us the Book of Job, Ecclesiasticus and Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olive." Very little verse is true poetry; much more prose has been written to merit the true distinction of poetry, for if I am not wandering too far up the peaks of Parnassus or of San Gabriel, I may remind

you that the word poetry owes itself to the Greek verb, "poiein," which means to "create." The man who begets a new thought or—if there are no new thoughts—who clothes an old thought with a new garment is a poet. I digress thus far to prove to Henry O'Melveny that in truth he is a poet.

I know, too, how this most modest man will shrink from public analysis of his character and abilities, but I hold, that the portraits of our strong men, if fairly true and free from the gaudy splash of gush, must be of value to the community in which they live. No apology is needed for paying tribute to brave souls who have made their mark among their fellows—before they leave us. Post-mortem tributes are apt to be untrue and fulsome, and there is more satisfaction in telling a man to his face what you think of him than recounting it over his bier. If there be any value in these character sketches it is that the lives of the Men who Count may teach the young idea to shoot straight, for Truth, for Home and Country.

Henry O'Melveny might have any office in the gift of the people. He is one of the very few men in whom this community has implicit faith. This is a generation of "knockers" but I have yet to hear a single man "knock" O'Melveny. With all his attainments and his large measure of success—he only celebrated his forty-fifth birthday last week—he is modest and considerate of his humblest friend's feelings. He was only ten years old when his distinguished father settled in Los Angeles, and in thirty-five years it is said of him he never had an enemy. He comes, on his father's side, of good Kentucky stock, with, as his name indicates, some Irish forebears. In '49 his father crossed the plains on horseback and settled in Sacramento. A year later Judge O'Melveny married Miss A. W. Rose, sister of the pioneer, L. J. Rose. The O'Melvenys, from 1860 to 1869, lived in Illinois, where the elder O'Melveny was an intimate friend of Lincoln and Douglas. Henry was born at Central City, Marion county, Illinois, August 10, 1859. On the O'Melvenys settling in Los Angeles ten years later, the head of the family at once took a prominent place in public affairs. In '71 he was a member and president of the city council; in '72 he was elected county judge and in '87 superior court judge.

Henry O'Melveny graduated from the University of California in May, 1879, and after a brief experience as a "bear leader" in Honolulu, tutoring two lads, and after studying law in the office of Bicknell and White, he was admitted to practice in April, '81. In 1885 the firm of Graves and O'Melveny was founded and three years later, J. H. Shankland was taken into partnership. The firm remained intact for sixteen years and was only dissolved a few months ago when J. A. Graves became vice-president and acting manager of the Farmers and Merchants' National Bank. Mr. O'Melveny now practices alone and is the attorney for some of the largest corporations and most prominent individuals in Los Angeles. "The Call of the Wild" still is a powerful note in his ear and if he chose to indulge his preference he could respond more than once a week, when he gets into his old shoes and rough clothes to tramp over the San Gabriel hills, for his hard work has won him independent means. But Henry O'Melveny is not the man to quit the battle of life in his prime, even to indulge his natural preferences. Some day let us hope he may even sacrifice himself on the altar of public duty and

show Los Angeles what it is to have a big man and a true one mayor of this city. He has been by no means remiss in taking up the municipal burden. He has served as a library director, which to him with his devotion to books and his true scholarship, was a labor of love; he has served on several charter revision boards and rendered the municipality yeoman service thereon and he only retired from his duties as a civil service commissioner a short time ago.

Henry O'Melveny stands for what is pure and true in public as well as private life. He has served his apprenticeship in civics but I trust that someday he will allow himself to be made a grand master.

His healthy mind is the crown of a healthy body. An athlete and a sportsman, he is always in the pink of condition, except perhaps when he has been in court for a long trial or has been unraveling mysterious water-rights in the Kern river. As an athlete I would not advise anyone to tackle him, or indeed to attempt to follow him, except at a respectful distance, while ranging across the San Gabriel. He is a fisherman but does not kill trout for the sake of killing them; he is a biologist without slaughtering life, and a botanist without plucking flowers. He loves his family, his garden and his books. Hence he is a happy man and we are all the better for the light of his countenance.

BY THE WAY

Political Outlook. It is a popular and, no doubt, a most self-satisfying illusion that we, who are **The People**, elect presidents. We also imagine that we elect councilmen and that our System is at once the greatest and the finest invention of Democracy imaginable—Government of the People, By the People, For the People. I am neither hypercritic nor pessimist when I declare—and you already know it—that the corporations and not the people elect councilmen. Of course, we have only ourselves to blame. It is not the fault of the System but of the People. We take our politics, national, state or civic, spasmodically. Every four years—and it is too frequent—we interest ourselves in the Affairs of the Nation, and violently take sides, labeling ourselves Republicans or Democrats, but without any real study of Causes and Conditions. The Trusts and the Corporations are in politics, not for Patriotism or for Fun, but for Business. They conduct their politics on business principles; their organizations and "machines" are complete, while we, The People, have no machine and generally are led by some self-seeking demagogue, or the wool is pulled over our eyes by the Machine. There is an unwritten chapter of history concerning the presidential election of 1896. Two weeks before election day the leaders of the Republican party, or rather its campaign brains, conceded the country to Bryan. So definite were their figures and so assured their prognostications, that the mayor of Chicago, warned that Bryan's election was almost certain and that riots would probably follow, turned a dozen fire-engine houses into temporary arsenals, wherein arms had been stacked and men drilled in anticipation of trouble. The big brain and broad genius for initiative of Marcus A. Hanna, suggested one way to save the country from free silver and Bryanism. He went to New York and in twenty-four hours

raised two millions of dollars more beyond the already colossal campaign fund. But the most important thing he did was to summon by wire every big railroad president in the country to a conference in Chicago within forty-eight hours. An endless chain was then laid to secure the vote of every railroad employe in the country and his influence for McKinley and sound money. The country, sick of Clevelandism and fearful of the Republican party's alliances with the moneyed powers, depressed by panic, was ready to try a desperate experiment and had almost succumbed to the dangerous influences of Bryanism. One big brain, that of Marcus A. Hanna, averted the danger, and to Hanna more than any other man, living or dead, was due McKinley's victory. In the light of these facts, can we still flatter ourselves that we, **The People**, are omnipotent and Govern Ourselves. There is no great genius at the head of the present Republican campaign and the old national machine has to be built up all over again. Parker and Pure Plutocracy is in reality a very imminent danger that cannot be discounted either by over-confidence or by apathy. Since I last wrote the New York Sun has joined The Tribune in opposing Parker, which is significant as it has long been maintained that the Sun is under grave obligations to Wall street. It looks to me that Mr. Morgan has come to the conclusion that he prefers the lesser of two evils: that Roosevelt, Taft, Shaw, and above all, Hay, will be less dangerous to his interests and to the peace and prosperity of the country than Parker, McCarren, Bourke Cockran, Bryan and David B. Hill as secretary of state. But the Sun, which has waged a bitter war on Roosevelt for two years cannot be expected to show much enthusiasm for Roosevelt. As yet, the Sun merely remarks that it is a race between a centipede and an Edam cheese, and it prefers the centipede. "Nothing," it says, "has come from Judge Parker's lips to indicate he possesses a single political idea." It refers to him as "the mildly conservative, temporizing, opportunist representative of the Hun vote." It calls the St. Louis platform "a miserable hell-broth of ditch-water and dynamite," and says it was "tasted yesterday (when Parker made his speech of acceptance) at Esopus by the respectable candidate, who declares with gusto that its flavor is admirable." The people's preference for Roosevelt is based on very different grounds from Morgan's, but good Republicans will very much prefer to have Morgan's friendship during the next nine weeks than his antagonism.

McLachlan to Otis. Not since Governor Gage proclaimed defiance to the editorial triumvirate—DeYoung, Spreckels and Otis—has there been anything to equal Congressman McLachlan's declaration of open war against General Otis and the Times. For twelve years McLachlan has been silent under constant attack and innuendo. He chose the hour of his triumph in being renominated to Congress, to respond to the assaults of the Times. In part he said:

This is the fifth time that the Republicans of this district have honored me with the nomination for congress, nominations which, with the exception of the first one, have been given with the same friendly regard and unanimity that have characterized your action today. I need not tell you how deeply sensible I am of the honor you have done me; I would certainly be less than human were I not properly to appreciate what this nomination means, to you and to me.

I also need not assure you that, if I am elected, I will return to my work at Washington with renewed determination to exert every possible effort to promote the interests of this great district.

When I returned a few weeks ago from Washington it seemed to me that almost every one, Republicans and Democrats alike, had a word of praise or commendation for what I had been enabled to do for this district during the last session of congress.

In fact, I have heard but one voice raised in condemnation of me or of my efforts, and that is the voice of a man who, for twelve years, has pursued me with the utmost degree of unbridled hate and vindictiveness.

This man but a few days ago said to my friend, J. W. Wood, postmaster of Pasadena, who is today your chairman: "I have pursued McLachlan for twelve years and I will be after the s—n of a b—h until the end," adding that he would drive me out of the country.

Ever since I was first elected to congress ten years ago, this man, as you know, has persistently abused and villified me, belittling my work in every manner conceivable. But, gentlemen, I tell you here now, that all his words, in each and every attack he has made upon either my character or my work, are as false as it is possible for words to be.

My friends all through these years have advised me to be still, to say nothing. "You have no newspaper. You cannot make a reply," they told me. And all these years I have stood his slanders in silence.

But since the Republicans of this district have today nominated me by acclamation; have given thus the lie to what this man has said about me, why should I continue silent? Shall I?

This man of whom I speak and whom you know, has posed, and poses now, as the conservator of the interests of the people, but I tell you that in every effort that I have made to further your interests in congress; in everything in which I have tried to serve you; in every attempt to procure legislation for the benefit of this district, this man has opposed me and tried in every known way to thwart my efforts.

This man has been a bull in a china shop, smashing everything within reach in his blind malicious rage.

I think you will remember how, in my first term, I secured the passage of a bill making an appropriation of \$3,000,000 for a breakwater at San Pedro harbor. I succeeded in putting the measure through the lower house, and Senator White, to whose memory you are now erecting a monument, succeeded in getting it through the senate.

But, at First street and Broadway, placed in the wall of his building, is a brazen tablet which commends H. G. Otis for his work for San Pedro harbor. It is a fraudulent statement which none knows better than he.

I challenge this man to meet me publicly on the platform. If he dares to accept this challenge, I will prove that his "butting in" did more to injure the project for the harbor than any other one thing, and I will prove the absolute falsity of each and every one of his attacks on my character and my work.

Let me show you what this man did. Three years ago, as a member of the river and harbor committee of the house, I attempted to secure an appropriation of \$392,000 for the improvement of the inner harbor of San Pedro. This man butted in, as is his wont, and secured the passage of a resolution by the chamber of commerce calling for the funds appropriated for the breakwater at San Pedro to be diverted from their purpose and that work on the breakwater should cease.

I saved the breakwater inviolate, in spite of him, and in addition secured a large appropriation for the inside harbor.

My friend, A. B. Cass, who sits here today, was chairman of the chamber at that time, and he knows that what I say is truth. That this man caused the resolution to be passed and telegraphed to the river and harbor committee, attempting to undo the work that had been accomplished by Senator White and myself, thus trying to bring to naught that great enterprise, which is now rapidly nearing completion.

In the fifty-fourth congress I had secured an appropriation of \$392,000 for the inside harbor. Otis sent a telegram insisting on modified conditions in the bill then pending, and against the protests of Senators White, Perkins and myself he fired it over our heads into the committee, and the result was that the \$392,000 was reduced to \$50,000. The inside harbor remained unimproved till I went back to the fifty-seventh congress and corrected the damage his ill-advised telegram did.

Again, when, three years ago, I introduced, at my own volition and without the request of any person, a bill for a \$1,000,000 federal building for this city, a building adequate to the present and growing needs of this community, this man

published an editorial in which he called me a "Jim Crow statesman," and derided my bill, contending that such a building was not a public need.

This editorial was sent by him to members of congress and the leaders of the house asked me why it was that I should introduce a bill when what pretended to be the leading Republican paper of Los Angeles declared that what I asked for was not wanted.

I succeeded in having a bill pass the house containing a clause that, if the Main street site could not be properly secured and made use of, the secretary of the treasury could select another site.

Now mark the result: When the bill reached the senate, this same man, having failed to defeat it in the house, caused this discretionary power given to the secretary to be stricken out of the measure.

We all know what the result has been. The Main street site was not to be had for the price the government was willing to pay, and for more than two years a million of dollars that could have been expended here has been shut up in the treasury, by reason of the unwise and malicious interference of this man.

During the last session I again brought the original bill forward and succeeded in having it passed, so that after a needless delay we will have a public building suitable in our needs.

And this is the man who poses as the dictator of the Republican party!

This man has sent his personal representatives in Washington to the river and harbor committee room to file his protests over my head against the work I have been trying to do for San Pedro and Wilmington harbor. It has only been by my being present personally that I have been able to prevent the destruction of my plans.

Not in any instance have I undertaken an important project for this district that this man has not undertaken to block me. Not only has he traduced and villified me in his paper; not only has he falsified the facts; but he has sent letters and telegrams, he has done all that ingenuity and malice could suggest to prevent me from accomplishing my results and serve the interests of this district.

This, gentlemen, is the first time that I have denounced his assertions as falsehoods and misrepresentations. In season and out of season he has pursued me with hatred and malice.

Many a time I have anticipated what the malice of this man would cause him to say, and I have arisen in the early morning before my loved ones were awake and have gone to my porch to get his paper and hide it away, that the hearts of those I love and who love me might not be wrenched by seeing the lies he published.

I thank you with all my heart for the splendid reception you have given me today, for the nomination and for the kindly greeting I have received. I believe that I may look with confidence to the hope of going back to Washington, that, in spite of the slanders and the calumnies issued by this man, I will again represent you in Washington, and that I may continue to keep my home, my wife and my little ones here in the midst of their friends and neighbors who have today been so loyal and so kind to me.

Flint's Indorsement. Frank Flint's energies will now be devoted largely to political work north of Tehachapi. The county convention, by expressing the wish of Los Angeles county Republicans as decided at the primaries, has given added strength to the cause of Flint. I really expect that when conditions settle down a trifle, Flint will have the entire Los Angeles county delegation. Flint's indorsement comes as another lesson to the Times that politics is not its forte, but nevertheless the Times insists that Senator Bard's name is to go before the legislature and Bard, under orders I presume, says "amen."

Poor Bard! It must be a blow to him to be sacrificed on the Altar of Otisism. But for centuries the truth has held that whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap. I might refer to another about chickens coming home to roost.

Flint's Campaign. Flint's northern campaign is to be conducted along the same energetic lines that

have marked its course in Los Angeles county. The principal forces with which he will have to reckon are those of Oxnard and Knight. Oxnard's record is not that of a quitter and he has grown in the estimation of the state, without having received any positively declared accessions of strength. Knight will get a large complimentary vote from the north but the Perkins, Metcalf and Pardee men will all struggle against the selection of a northern senator for the reason that not only does Perkins want to succeed himself, but Metcalf and Pardee have aspirations to wear the toga. Their interests all lie in securing the election of a southern man.

County Convention Echoes. There was a pathetic note in the pleadings of the Old Guard at the Republican County Convention last Tuesday afternoon against the irresistible spirit of Youth and aggressiveness that filled the air and swept the floor. The veteran from the Soldiers' Home, Comrade Shea, fired the first shot in the hopeless struggle against Flint instructions. He prudently abstained from mentioning Bard's name. The old soldier was followed by the Bismarckian figure of Dr. Crawford of Pasadena. He spoke with much emotion and with a prophetic note. But it was the Young Men's day and the Young Men made the most of it. Who can blame them? There had been no bitterness in the fight until General Otis infused it by cowardly and unwarranted assaults upon Frank Flint and until he attempted in an absurd review of Bard's spineless career in Congress to extol St. Thomas by libelling that good and faithful servant of the people—James McLachlan. The people knew the truth. Correspondent Little's elaborate prevarications from Washington, written at Otis' orders, could not confound the public mind. If Bard had served the people half as well as he has served General Otis, he would not have been repudiated in so unmistakeable a fashion in the metropolis of Los Angeles county. Incidentally, that last special apology for Bard, published in the Times on the Sunday before the primaries in this county, cost Bard Pasadena. The labored eulogy of "this great and good man" was coupled to a furious and splenetic misrepresentation of McLachlan. It only succeeded in arousing enthusiasm for McLachlan and in emphasizing distrust of Bard. Here is the sum total of the matter and the people did the elementary arithmetic: Bard has served Otis and McLachlan has served the people. The event of last Tuesday only confirms my opinion of last week that after the primaries in this county Bard was no longer a considerable factor in the senatorial scramble.

What "Might Have Been." I have often wondered during the heat and acerbity of the political contests of the last few weeks, what dizzy heights of political preferment Harrison Gray Otis might have scaled, had he possessed a fair temper and an ability to meet and mix with men. Nobody denies his ability; nobody denies that he has probably the most successful newspaper property west of the Mississippi river; nobody denies his fealty to what he conceives to be the best interests of Southern California. Yet every time that he champions a political cause, that cause, sooner or later, is lost. Every time that he bitterly attacks a man, that man's political fortunes are made. General Otis, to

me, forms one of the most interesting studies of the genus homo that I have ever met. I say met, because four years ago one of the most pleasant hour's conversation I have had in a lifetime was with him. This in spite of the fact that he doesn't approve of me or the Graphic. I fancy that if the Creator had given him an average endowment of diplomacy and glad-handing, and if Otis had bestowed these judiciously, we should not now be struggling in Southern California to decide who shall be United States Senator. But General Otis doesn't mix. I have a case in mind which fell under my notice when I was city editor of the Herald. The Times was giving a "newsboys' dinner" at the old Royal Restaurant which was then on Spring street, between First and Second. Of course all the newsboys were there and a generous proportion of small ragamuffins beside—they always arrive at a "newsboys' dinner." General Otis came early and I was so situated that I could see his every action. He must have gone with the kindest feelings in his heart, for when he entered the room his face was illumined with smiles and he seemed at peace with the world. Now what do you think he did? Go to this or that or the other group of boys and say a few pleasant words, such as ninety-nine in a hundred men similarly situated would do? Not at all. The smile died. He made one instinctive motion to go to the nearest bunch of lads—and stopped. He gazed helplessly about for a familiar face, perhaps that of Harry Chandler, but there was none, for "the General" came early. Then he gathered himself, strode in solemn dignity to a chair on one side of the room and waited like a statue for some one to get to his relief. Apparently he couldn't meet those boys—not from any ideas of superiority, for Otis is no snob—but from temperamental reasons. So it comes to pass that many men just want to be away from him. I fancy Otis from this inborn quality must be a much more lonely man than most of us who knock around and meet Thomas, Richard and Henry, here and there. But what a political power he would be if he possessed the gentle art of making friends instead of enemies; and what a different political story this end of California would tell.

Examiner's Puerile Methods. I have always

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doubted the efficacy and value of a "newspaper war" except as a thing to create disgust among readers. Making faces and calling names convinces nobody. Occasionally some vigorous robust English is brought into being—which may be worth while—but there is nothing more silly than the "campaign" which the Examiner is waging against the Times. I think the Examiner struck the acme of puerility and the Mount Everest of triviality when it began to publish "plays"—one act plays, directed at the head of General Otis. What a business! General Otis, gentlemen, is not to be reached by such methods. You may use satire, ridicule, wit, sarcasm, at his expense and he won't turn a hair. He understands how to use one weapon, the club, and if you want to land him you will have to resort to his own game—and then I don't believe you know how to direct your energies. The Examiner, lords and ladies, as an anti-Otis weapon, is like a belated old woman who stands on the sidewalk and with a faded umbrella vainly signals a Long Beach flyer. Why don't you put a log on the track?

Remove to Pasadena. That Los Angeles is to lose the Samuel Foy family is a matter for regret, and I know of hundreds who wish they had decided to remain in town. The Foy's have purchased the W. D. Tompkins place on San Raphael Heights, near Pasadena, and will remove there in the near future. To be sure Pasadena is not far distant, but the fact that the Foy's will be even so far away as the neighboring town will give them less opportunity for active participation in the social life of this city. For many years they have occupied the well known residence at the corner of Figueroa and Seventh streets, where they now live. The place is like a land mark, connecting the old regime with the present. Many times, in the life of Samuel Foy, would-be purchasers sought to secure the valuable property for business purposes, but Mr. Foy refused to sell, and kept it as a residence for his family. Since his death, however, the place has been put on the market, the growth of the city's business section in that direction rendering it far too valuable to be used longer for other than business purposes. It is expected that eventually a large hotel will be built on the site, but for the present the property will remain in the hands of Mrs. Foy, and the house will be leased. In purchasing a new home the family could not have selected a more delightful place than that of the late W. D. Tompkins. It will be remembered that when he died, he left a large estate to his widow, and this property was among the handsomest items of the fortune. It is but a short distance from the old Campbell-Johnson home, beyond Garvanza, and is situated in one of the most beautiful sections of Southern California. This suburban residence place is drawing the attention of many from among the wealthy in Los Angeles just now, and the prospects are that others than the Foy's will decide to settle there in the next few years.

Dr. Dowling Not Ill. Dr. George Thomas Dowling is not ill, says a cablegram which was received from London, England, this week. This message sets at rest grave fears for his health, which were entertained by friends here. When Dr. Dowling received a leave of absence from the vestry of Christ church, and left early in the spring for the South

Sea Islands, his health demanded that he leave his parish duties at once. While that trip proved beneficial, it was not sufficient to restore completely Dr. Dowling's health, and when he returned it was decided that his summer vacation should be devoted to a sojourn abroad. Accompanied by his daughter, Miss Dowling, he took passage for Liverpool, and the first news of the two after their arrival was of the most cheerful nature. Then came stories of ill health, and finally it was reported in Los Angeles that Dr. Dowling was seriously ill. Just where the report originated, is not known, but those of his own household say it must have been the outgrowth of news received by them to the effect that he was not well, although there was no definite ground for the statement that his condition had been serious. Indeed brief cablegrams have contained all the information on the subject vouchsafed to friends here. The last message states that Dr. Dowling is well again. He will be here to resume his place as rector of Christ church in October.

Santa Barbara's Festal Week. My Santa Barbara correspondent, writing from the Hotel Potter, Wednesday evening, informs me that Milo M.'s establishment wears as brilliant an air as it did during its first winter when every other suite of rooms harbored the precious person of a multimillionaire. "Our own smart set," writes my correspondent, "is cutting a dash here that is opening the eyes of the San Francisco swells. 'The push,' as Charlie Seyler calls our first families in Los Angeles is very much in evidence. Their gowns are as costly and their looks are better than those of their sisters from Van Ness avenue and Burlingame." Ah! there's the rub and the cancer that is eating the heart out of twentieth century society. Ostentation and emulation have supplanted good breeding and culture. But let my correspondent continue. "The two Mrs. C.'s both change their gowns each day as often as a leading woman in a five-act social problem play, and in the evening each appears in a fresh confection that couldn't cost less than \$250 from the most modest modiste! There is a dearth of men, but Willie Childs and the tennis

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lads are busy filling the bill until the arrival of stray husbands from Los Angeles at the week's end. Captain McKinstry is generally voted the best beau from the south and the Diana-like profile and figure of Miss Seymour of Redondo and Mexico, are much admired. Mrs. Potter is making all the Angelenos, most of whom are her personal friends, thoroughly at home. Young Donnell is the favorite of all the matrons who are enthusiastic over his pluck in tackling May Sutton at tennis before a big gallery. William E. Dunn, and a bunch of the California Club 'push' are expected here Saturday, and the ice-cold bath on Sunday morning, prescribed by Harry Brook in his "Care of the Body" treatises should be popular. Half a week has passed and the women have nothing more interesting to talk about than Mrs. H.'s add coiffure and Mrs. R.'s awful gowns, but we are all looking for some diversion before the tennis week is over!" For one so young and so fair, I fear my breezy Santa Barbarian is sadly cynical and slangy.

Burlingame Languishing. A depressing report reaches me that the fortunes of Burlingame are fading fast. For ten years this swell country annex to San Francisco society has been the refuge of the British adventurer and the resort of aping Americans, who attired themselves like English grooms, were proud if they smelled of the stable and learned to drop their h's. San Francisco's gilded youth has grown weary of Burlingame. There only remain a few enthusiasts who really care for sport beyond dressing up for parade. Frank Carolan, who married one of the Pullman car heiresses has secured an option on the Rancho San Miguel, next to the famous Dixie Thompson bean farm in Ventura county. The Hobarts, the Crockers and the Tobins say that the San Mateo electric car has ruined the once exclusive Burlingame and that too many "tradesmen" and yellow journal photographers intrude upon the privacy of the hallowed precincts. Therefore they are casting their eyes much further south and are planning the establishment of a California Tuxedo on the Dixie Thompson ranch. As long as the Burlingame Bounders keep a respectful distance from Los Angeles, we will try to survive the shock of their imminent comparative proximity.

Royalty At the Angelus. Los Angeles has been entertaining Royalty unawares. For several days two members of the royal house of Austria were able to pass for ordinary tourists at the Angelus hotel. Then somebody discovered their identity, and I believe the poor fellows have not since passed in or out of the house without their movements being noted by curious guests. Not that the curiosity seekers have made themselves offensive. Americans of the class that frequent the Angelus are generally well bred, and I dare say the young men from Austria have not even been conscious of the furor they have been creating. These Austrians are Count George Wartenberg and Count Howard Wartenberg, and they are grandsons of the Emperor

Francis Joseph of Austria. Probably not more than 19 and 20 years of age, these youths would pass in a crowd for shy boys out on a holiday excursion. They are fair-haired, modest looking fellows who mind their own affairs in an emphatic manner; and Baron William Reitzenstein of Munich, Bavaria, who is here with them, is also a quiet man. The three were in Mexico just before coming here and were entertained by President Diaz. They were in St. Louis, taking in the fair for a while, and from here will go to San Francisco. Baron Reitzenstein is noted as a physician in his own country. Just now the Angelus is entertaining an unusual number of prominent persons from abroad. Paul A. Zilling and Dr. Fritz Knestner, imperial representatives to the World's Fair, have been guests there this week, and A. H. Abaza of Cairo, Egypt, has just gone after a stay of several days. He is agricultural commissioner to the World's Fair from Egypt, and is in California to make a study of the irrigation system employed in this state. I see that another party of notable persons—Americans may be notable even if mentioned in the same breath with Royalty, I suppose—is registered at the Angelus. It is made up of Mrs. James Smith, J. Harry Smith, Miss Smith and Miss Ehlgren of Newark, N. J. Mrs. Smith is the wife of Receiver Smith for the Ship Building Trust which recently encountered financial disaster. He is to be in San Francisco soon, to visit the Union Iron Works, and Mrs. Smith will meet him there. As to the Angelus, the hotel is attracting not only travelers, but local persons as well, and I may say in passing that the banquet given there Saturday night for the physicians interested in the building of the Angelus hospital, was one of the swellest functions known in Los Angeles for months. Dr. Howard Nichols was at the head of the affair.

Are At "The Peppers." Mr. and Mrs. Raymond M. Alden are back from their wedding trip, and will be at "The Peppers," Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Clover's Alhambra home, for a few days. Mrs. Alden formerly was Miss Barbara Hitt. She is a sister of Mrs. Clover and also of Dr. Merritt Hitt, and lived at Alhambra before her marriage a short time ago. Miss Hitt was a student at Stanford, where Mr. Alden is a member of the faculty, and it was at the University, I believe, that the couple met. The young man, who is a brilliant scholar, is a son of the Mrs. Alden, who is better known to the reading public as "Pansy." The clever writer was here to attend the wedding of her son, but so quietly did she come and go, that there was little publicity attached to her visit. Mr. and Mrs. Alden, the bride and groom, will go to Stanford to make their home, and they expect to leave soon for the north in order that the former may resume his duties as instructor at the University with the first of the fall term.

Will Remain This Winter. Mrs. Webster Street, mother of Mrs. Joseph Wickham, has decided to re-

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main in Los Angeles this winter. She will be the guest of Judge and Mrs. Berry. The purpose of Mrs. Street to remain here for a while longer, will be well pleasing to the many acquaintances she has made in Los Angeles. She came here to visit Mrs. Wickham a short while ago, and at that time it was expected that she would make only a brief visit. Just now Mrs. Street is one of the brilliant company of fashionable folk at Santa Barbara—a guest at the Potter hotel, if my memory serves me correctly. Mrs. Wickham will leave next week for Boston, where she is to meet her cousin, Florence Wickham the singer, and the two, accompanied by the former's little son Jack, will leave in November for Europe.

Miss Damron Married. Miss Damron, who was wedded Monday in Phoenix, Arizona, to George Norman Marshall of South Carolina, will be remembered as a former Los Angeles girl, who belongs to a family of prominence. She is the daughter of J. M. Damron, to whom is due the securing of the Whittier State School to this county. He was considered a splendid orator, and did much in bringing before the legislature, measures for the good of the section in which he lived. The bride's brother, Lloyd Damron, is engaged in newspaper work in Los Angeles. The groom, I understand, occupies an enviable social position in Charleston, South Carolina, where he lives, and he is a successful young business man.

"America in Three Months." Count Balles-trein of Germany, who has been a guest at the Van Nuys hotel since the first of the week, is here to "do" America in three months. The Count, I am told desires to take a deep and searching look into social conditions; study finances and make an inventory of the political situation. He will be able at the end of three months to go back, laden with information such as will give his countrymen a clear idea of "Americans; their lives and habits," and—I should like to be there just to hear him and learn what we are like, shouldn't you? The Count came with letters to some of the prominent old families of Los Angeles, and those who have met him are smiling at his confidence about "doing" the country before the early winter is over, and yet that is just what

Americans are undertaking abroad every year without assuming that they are content with a superficial view of life. When the American girl who, with her parents had concluded a visit to Venice in three days, and was asked how the feat was accomplished, she replied: "Mamma did the shops; papa did the city and I did the art galleries." Count Ballestrein has already been to the World's Fair at St. Louis, and touched several other cities in his hasty journey through the country. He thinks the fair is splendid—that is providing the parts he did not seem compare favorably with those he did, and the St. Louis Exposition will receive a good report in Germany, no matter what things are said about the rest of the country. The Count is an officer in the German army, and belongs to one of the oldest of the titled families in his own land. He is a pleasant person to meet, and is enjoying his stay in America, having brought letters of introduction which assure him hospitality in nearly every city where he stops.

Miss Sterry's Play. Miss Nora Sterry's clever little drama, "Aunt Susan," is to be revived, I see. The piece was given several years ago, when the Sterrys occupied their beautiful home on Wilshire Boulevard. There is at the top of the house a large hall, which at that time was fitted up as an amateur theatre, and the "Westlake Constellation Club," of which Nora, Ruth and Norman Sterry were leading members, gave more than one production on the little stage that was just large enough to accommodate the unpretentious, but excellent little plays offered to audiences of admiring friends. Most of these plays were from the pen of Miss Sterry, who has a decidedly literary turn, and at that time gave promise of blossoming out into a successful writer. Since she took up the profession of teaching she has given little heed to pursuit that fascinated her in her school days, but I hear the prediction that Miss Sterry will again take up writing after a while, and if she does, there is no doubt she will do well. Since the family has been in mourning, and living at Brighton Beach, the girls have not been seen at all in society, and the occasion of the proposed dramatic presentation will be the first time they have ventured from their seclusion in several seasons. I believe the object which calls for their present activity, is the little chapel at Terminal Island, where religious services are held every week, all denominations joining in a common cause to provide for the Islanders the privilege of divine worship. Funds are needed, and Miss Sterry has been prevailed upon to give her play for the benefit of the cause. It will be presented Saturday night, at the South Coast Yacht Club, the management entering into the spirit of the plan, and offering the use of the club house. Indeed Terminal Island, from the club house to the Brighton Beach hotel is alive with interest concerning the coming event, and the hotel dance tonight will be late enough so that those wishing to attend may be present at the play, and dance at the hotel afterwards. There is to be a train from Brighton at 11 o'clock, so that persons from Los Angeles wishing to return the same evening can do so, but I hear a large number are planning to stay at the hotel until Sunday. Miss Sterry is to appear as Mrs. Gray, in the play, and the other participants are: Norman Sterry, Mr. Cavaghan, George McKinnon, Frank Alexander, Mrs. Hugh Vail, Miss Florence Field and Miss Ruth Sterry.

Settlement Not in Sight. I regret very much that the trouble between the California Development company and the water users of Imperial is not to be settled as yet by arbitration. A. H. Heber, the president of the company, offered a fair proposition to the users, but their attorney seems to want to decide everything according to his ideas.

Those who have never been in the Imperial district can have no conception of the transformation that has been made by the enterprise and persistence of the company. There is no question that the Company has in less than a decade built up the large-

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est and most complete irrigating enterprise in the United States. That the desert has been made to blossom is due to the foresight and energy of those men who are now to retire; their firmness of purpose is evidenced by a single sentence in an address made by A. H. Heber at a mass meeting in the Imperial district. "Every dollar I have on earth" said Mr. Heber, "both real and personal, is at the disposal of the Company until final success is attained, or until such time as the Company will not need the credit which I have furnished it; and if need be, I will devote the remainder of my natural life to the enterprise."

That is the sort of pluck that builds up great institutions, and creates the west. Mr. Heber stated to whom the credit is due for beginning irrigation in the Colorado desert. His words were: "C. R. Rockwood is the man who is entitled to the credit of planning this great system of irrigation. John G. Beatty is entitled to the credit of originating it. George Chaffey is entitled to the credit of bringing into this then sun-bleached and uninviting desert the first water artificially. He is also entitled to the credit of causing the first crop to be produced, and S. W. Ferguson is entitled to the credit of instituting colonization—a great work. The plan of colonization was suggested by myself. The plan of the system of mutual water companies was the plan evolved by L. M. Holt, whom perhaps you all know. All of these gentlemen deserve the highest credit, and I praise all of them for the grand and noble work contributed by them in helping to accomplish the seemingly unattainable results which today greet the astonished eye on every hand."

The Company originally asked \$5,000,000 for its property. The Water users offered \$1,000,000 and agreed to assume the Company's indebtedness. The arbitrators have yet to be named.

Lowe Backs Down. My philanthropic friend, Professor T. S. C. Lowe, has evidently concluded that his gas corporations do not need a office downtown. Can it be possible that Professor Lowe has reached the limit of the rope of his backers and that the release of the premises, a fine room and an excellent location, indicates an early collapse of the Lowe schemes? I am sure I don't know, but it does seem strange that after publicly announcing

that the Lowe companies would occupy the quarters in the Chamber of Commerce, the Lowe offices never materialized. I am told that the Lowe outfit paid rent on that store-room in the Chamber of Commerce building for five months, March, April, May, June and July, at the rate of \$200 per month. That makes \$1,000, and if the Lowe concerns actually paid this amount, I submit that it is an exceedingly high price to pay for exhibiting a cotton sign and a failure to fulfil its printed promise. Still this is on a par with the average Lowe plan of doing business. I don't pretend to say that the collapse of the Lowe companies is at hand. But the circumstances surrounding that store-room and the various legal troubles in which the Company has lately been involved, have none too re-assuring an appearance.

Finlayson's Gold Mine. I wonder where Frank Finlayson's gold mine is located. For some days the official statement as to who owns the Herald has been awaited. The Herald announced about ten days ago that the Herald is owned by a "Prominent Democrat" whose identity would be revealed in due time. On August 17th, a breathless public was told that the "Prominent Democrat" with the cash is Frank Finlayson. Too thin. Finlayson is too deserving a chap personally to permit the Graphic to engage in "knocking." Still I wonder where his gold mine is located. Has he uncovered the Peg Leg mine or is his source of supply that other prominent Democrat, Harry Chandler. I must stick to my conviction, founded on what I believe to be good circumstantial evidence, that the Times controls the Herald.

Steckel to Move. George Steckel is to move his photographic studio from Spring street to 338 S. Broadway, about September 15. Mr. Steckel's standing as an artist is known the country over. His business has grown to such an extent that the limitations of the Spring street studio have been entirely outgrown. Mr. Steckel is expending between \$8,000 and \$10,000 in the proper equipment of his new quarters. He has excellent taste in decorating and furnishing, and a photographic studio without a rival on the Coast may be expected.



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The "Spoon" and Society. Except a man be born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he can in no wise enter into a certain so-called smart set of Los Angeles! At least this is the natural conclusion at which I arrive after observing the snubs which one young fellow has received from those who are in reality his inferiors so far as good breeding is concerned. It seems hardly creditable, but if you will believe me, this young man, who comes of an aristocratic Southern family and can name his ancestors from among the blue bloods of Revolutionary times, has received the most shocking slights from some of those who would have no standing whatever were it not for their money. The lad deserves recognition in his own right, to say nothing of his family connections, although his pathway is not at present strewn with gold, and the presumption that would deny him entrance to any Los Angeles society, is born of ignorance and sustained by a false standard of worth. Money is a good thing—wish we all had more of it—but there are other things in the world which are of vastly more importance, and I predict for the young Southerner a standing in local society which will outlive that of a few men and women who have treated him with an undeserved coolness because his bank account is not equal to their own. The best people have received him and will continue to do so, and I have no reason to believe that he is troubled over the neglect of the few who have left him off their invitation lists, but the circumstance suggests a situation that should not exist in a city which prides itself upon the fact that at least an effort is made to reach correct ethical standards.

The Southern Pacific Company has published an edition of 100,000 booklets entitled, "Eat California Fruit." Its purpose scarcely needs elaboration, being to extend the consumption of fruit. The larger part of the edition will be distributed at St. Louis, but even California people can learn much from the recipes and suggestions contained in the publication. The distribution is in charge of Charles S. See, of the Passenger Department, San Francisco.

Judge and Mrs. J. S. Chapman, at their Santa Monica home, had as their guests the middle of the week, Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, Mrs. J. E. Betzold and Mrs. J. Crampton Anderson.

Dr. and Mrs. John W. Trueworthy with their children, have gone north. They will attend the Masonic conclave at San Francisco, and enjoy an outing at Lake Tahoe before returning.

Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Perkins are at Ocean Park, where they have taken a cottage at 207 Third street for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Fielding J. Stilson has returned from Mentone where she went a short time ago, called there by the illness of her brother, Louis Winter.

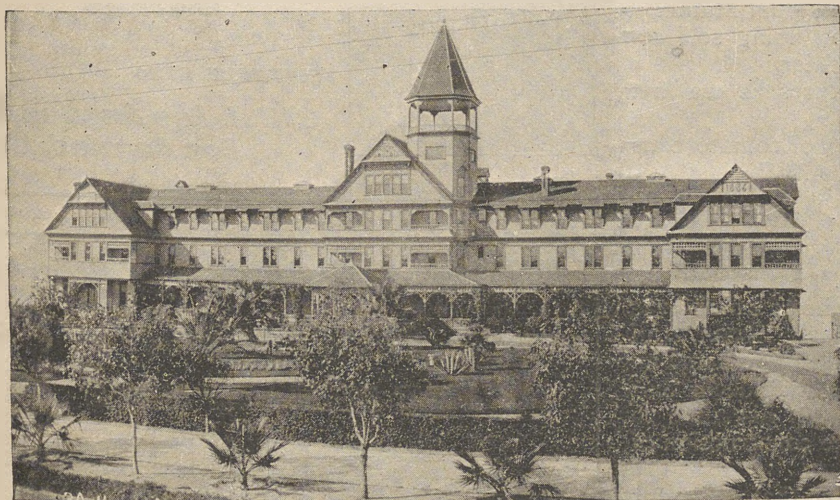
Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark leave Saturday for Anaconda and Butte, Mont., where they will be the guests of relatives for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Newmark have gone to San Rafael, to visit their daughter, Mrs. Alfred Sutro. A little later they will go to St. Louis to attend the fair.

Mrs. Charles Drake, and her son, Roy Seeley have gone to San Francisco. The young man will enter Bowen preparatory school at Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Gibbon have been over at Catalina this week. They still have the Chamberlain house at Brighton Beach, and will be there most of the time until late in the autumn. The trip to Catalina was only an incident of their summer outing.

Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand was obliged to terminate her outing at Catalina sooner than she had intended, the illness of her father calling her home.



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HOW SMITH LOST HIS MIND.

By Ben C. Truman.

There is a place on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, about half way, say, between Sacramento and the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains, called Auburn, in Placer county, California. It is one of the most entrancing mountain spots in the world so far as atmosphere, healthfulness of situation and majesty of woods are concerned.

It is the one California spot of all others to which persons suffering dreadfully from asthma are directed; and thousands have found almost instant relief and there have been many who have enjoyed permanent emancipation from the terrible complaint after having returned to their homes.

Some forty odd years ago there lived at Auburn two partners, John Smith and John Jones. These men had reached the "diggins" in '49—the former from Maine and the latter from Rhode Island. They had mined, milled, merchandised, farmed, saved and banked together; and they at last concluded to go into the Angora goat business.

Now, Smith was liberal and hospitable, warm-hearted and kind. But Jones was quite the reverse, although he was in no way strictly mercenary or inhospitable. These partners had a fine band of Angoras—as pretty as could be found anywhere on the Pacific slope.

The winter rains had commenced to descend, in 1859, and the Angoras would huddle together and wish—if they knew how to wish—that they were shorn lambs—at least so the man from Maine thought. And it moved his heart to pity, and he proposed to Jones that they build a shed, so that the poor animals might have some shelter from the coming pitiless storms. Jones laughed at his partner and said:

"Smith, you're a fool. Pardon me, now, old man; but if I were asked to name the biggest old idiot in Placer I should answer, 'My particular friend, John Smith, from Maine!'"

"Do I understand by that shameful and uncalled-for innuendo that you decline to join me in building a shed for the protection of our fine goats?"

"That's the long and short of it, pard. In other words, you have called the turn."

"Well, I shall build it out of my own private funds, then," said the sturdy old man from Maine.

"And I have no objection to you doing so," responded the brusque Rhode Islander.

"They are as much God's creatures as we are, Mr. Jones."

"Except that we eat the contents of tomato cans and they masticate the cans, Mr. Smith."

"You're a ruffian!"

"And you're a fool!"

"I know it."

"Yes; and everybody knows it."

But Smith went on with the shed, which was built big and strong and cost nearly \$700. And upon the very night of its completion there came an ideal Sierra storm. So severe was it, indeed, that Jones, before he retired, had made up his mind to share with Smith the expense of the construction of the shed.

"Providence prompted me to erect that cover for our Angoras," said Smith to his wife just as he put out the light.

All that night it blew furiously and the rain de-

scended in torrents, and there also came sleet, snow and hail.

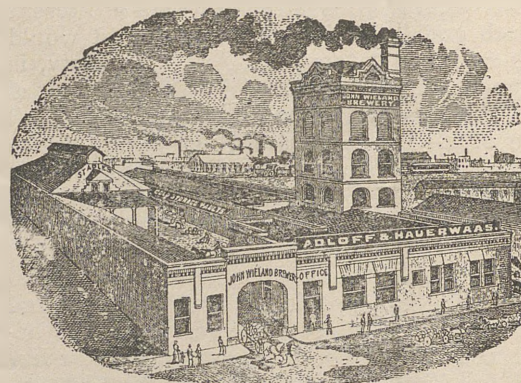
Still, every human being in Auburn was happy, including Jones. Smith, however, was the happiest person of all.

But when he looked out of his window the next morning his happiness was immediately turned to grief; and there came a fearful headache to him, and he concluded that he was too ill even to go up to the postoffice that day.

"What is the matter?" cried the wife, as her husband once seemed to swoon.

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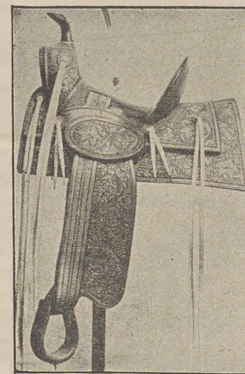
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"Matter enough. And now mind you, Sarah, don't you dare let that man Jones into this house today under any consideration. If he comes, tell him I'm too sick to see anyone. Tell him I'm out of my head. Tell him anything to get rid of him. Confound his old soul, tell him I'm dead—as dead as—"

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Matter! Great Caesar's immaculate ghost! Matter? Everything is the matter. Jones says I'm the biggest fool in Placer, and that I'm a dog-goned old idiot, and Jones is right. Ha-ha-ha! Jones never lies."

"Heavens! you are mad. You are a fool, and no mistake!"

"Right you are. Ha-ha-ha! Right you are, you dear old ninny! But look out of the window! Ha-ha-ha! Look at the other fools!"

Mrs. Smith took in the whole thing at a glance. The beautiful Angoras were all huddled, wet and shivering, together on the roof of the new shed which had been built for their protection.

The Knickerbocker Concert Company of San Francisco, consisting of the Knickerbocker Male Quartette, with Miss Jean Durrell, reader and impersonator, and Rosco Warren Lucy, pianist, are to make a tour of Southern California under the management of Blanchard & Venter, appearing in Los Angeles in two concerts.

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In the Musical World

Extensive changes are being made in the auditorium of the Freeze Conservatory of Music, for the accommodation of the department of dramatic art. The stage has been enlarged and much scenery added, making the stage equipment more complete. Productions of plays and operas will be given during the coming season under the direction of Richard G. Sloane.

Who in Los Angeles is not interested in the story of trouble in Ellery's Band, which has been told here recently! It is said that Signor Manfredi Chiaffarelli, the leader, has been dismissed and that Signor Ferullo has taken his place. Since the band reached El Paso, Texas, the trouble has been in progress, and the disagreement between Ellery and his leader finally resulted in the discharge of the latter at Milwaukee. It is said that Chiaffarelli wants to come back to Los Angeles, and bring with him such members of the band as are of his mind. It is not certain that this place holds such a strong attraction that he simply could not keep his face turned from it, but there is no doubt his desire to return has had much to do with the difficulty. Mr. Ellery may send to Italy for another conductor.

Mrs. W. L. Hardison's sweet voice was heard this week at the Christian church convention in Long Beach, the talented singer consenting to let her name appear on the program. Mrs. Hardison recently gave a charming musicale at her home in Los Angeles, entertaining a large company of her friends. Those who took part in the program were Mrs. Adolph Loud, Spencer Robinson, Miss Delia Plumsted, Charles W. Woodward, Harry Barnhart, Dr. Chester L. MaGee (and the hostess.

Undoubtedly the coming musical season is to be the greatest ever known in Los Angeles. With two Grand Opera companies coming during the season, one singing Italian and the other in English, presenting "Parsifal," "Otello," "Carmen," "Lucia," and a "Caruso" production, that character of entertainment will be all-sufficient. For the lighter selections we will have comic opera galore—"San Toy," "King Dodo," "The Wizard of Oz," "The Silver Slipper," Frank Daniels in a jolly skit, "The County Chairman," and many others. Of the pianists there is a trio coming, Josef Hofman, DePachmann and the world-famed D'Albert. Of the violinists, the surprise of the century, Veesey, is an early spring offering. Creatore and his band and Damrosch are big promoters of ensemble music. Among the soloists Manager Behymer presents Johanna Gadske, Nina Davis, Edouard DeReszke, David Bispham in Song Cycles, and Madame Melba.

The Apollo Club has everything arranged for its winter season. The rehearsals begin in Temple Baptist church on the evening of Monday, September 12. The enrollment of membership has passed the four-hundred mark. The first work will be the oratorio "Messiah" to be given at Hazard's Pavilion in December. The business matters of the Club are in the hands of Blanchard & Venter.

Where the Footlights Glow

Fred Belasco has in Colonel Price at once a manager and a press agent who is a corker. The genial and handsome Price has been imposing upon the credulity of the local newspapers by setting a rare pace for Adele Block, the accomplished leading woman who will head the stock company at the new Belasco theater a week from next Monday. Colonel Price has been making Miss Block beat Phineas Fogg's and George Francis Train's records around the world. I could not find time to follow the Price-Block itinerary accurately, but I have it on good authority that Miss Block has been spending her six weeks' vacation peacefully in Massachusetts with her mother. Alas! for the Russians who did not capture Miss Block while she was escaping from the Japanese lines to St. Petersburg via the Trans-Siberian railway! Alack and heigh ho! for those Parisian purchases of millinery, lingerie and lace! But if Miss Block can ACT we will forgive Colonel Price his brilliant imaginings. On what blue dope do these press agents feed?

Will Greenbaum, one of San Francisco's most enterprising impressarios, has been here this week to arrange for performances of the morality play "Everyman," under the personal direction of Ben Greet. When Christopher Columbus discovered America, and just a century before William Shakespeare produced his masterpieces, a morality play corresponding with "Everyman" is traceable to the year 1529, but there is good reason to believe it was in manuscript as early as the reign of Edward IV. An edition of the play was published early in the reign of Henry VIII, when it was evidently popular. The first production of "Everyman" in America was given in October, 1902. The scenery, such as it is, is copied from an old print of a monastery—especially the cloistered part—such plays as this being presented in churches, in parts of religious houses, and at times even in the streets. The costumes are copied from Flemish tapestries. The "ascensions" of the stage are symbolical; the flowers donate cultivation of the soil; the little organ, art; the wheels, work; the cushions, rest after labor; and the candles, worship and thanks due. For all such a double stage was generally used to denote any change of locality required. The characters—entering when possible from the audience, speak often in monotone, especially those representing abstractions, that being the primitive style of delivery. Those characters, representing actual human types, are allowed a little license of the stage.

Mr. Greet carries twenty-eight people with him and usually receives assistance from the members of the various colleges and societies under whose patronage or auspices the play is given. "Everyman" will be presented throughout Southern California during the first two weeks of November. To "Everyman" is ascribed the source of Hans Holbein's canvas "The Dance of Death," and this work was surely in John Bunyan's mind when he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress." Now let our dear ladies and their dress-improving study clubs get busy!

Trusty Tips to Theatergoers.

Mason Opera House. Manager Wyatt will wear his usual beneficent smile and his half-smoked cigar as he reopens the Mason next Wednesday evening. Henry Miller, the idol of the ladies and the devil to men who have ears to hear and hear not will be seen in Madeleine Lucette Ryley's new play, "Mice and Men." We call it "new" because it is new to us, but we are asked to see how "Mice and Men" ran for a fully a year in London and New York. The Ryley comedy will be followed on Friday and Saturday nights by one of Henry Arthur Jones's latest "Joseph Entangled." I regret that we shall not see Our One and Only Miller in an Oscar Wilde or a Bernard Shaw play. The former's "Importance of Being Earnest" was the best thing Miller ever did here and "The Devil's Disciple" was the next best. We shall miss Margaret Anglin and Miller's new "support" Hilda Spong, is a little large for Henry, but she is a handsome woman and a fairly interesting actress. The brief Miller season which lasts four nights and a matinee, closing today week, will at least be a relief from the summer silly season.

Morosco's Burbank. "A Contented Woman," a diverting comedy with a paradoxical title is the next "offering" of the Oliver Morosco company. Considering the hot weather Mr. Morosco's ladies and gentlemen have been doing well and survived the experiment of "Ghosts" on Thursday afternoon. There are some people, chiefly women, who like to see the stage turned into a dissecting room, and of all the morbid, unhealthy and depressing analyses in modern drama, this Ibsen horror is the worst. My last Christmas revels were spoiled by going to see "Ghosts" done by Bertha Galland and her most skillful little company, but I had no intention of blaspheming my Maker by spoiling a sunny summer afternoon in that fetid atmosphere. Therefore I cannot give you my impressions of Harry Mestayer's Oswald, and must refer you to Constance Skinner's inevitable ecstasy thereon. For which you are probably as grateful as I am. Give me "A Contented Woman" and to Limbo with your "Ghosts."

Orpheum. Five dancing girls head the bill next week—the Five Madcaps. They are said to be madder than ever, and Lena, the skipper of the squad, has added a "radium dance." Harry Foy and Flo Clark will introduce a new comedy sketch "The Old Curiosity Shop." The Hughes Musical Trio will also be newcomers. The "holdovers" will be May and Albaugh in "The Girl From Kansas," the Empire Comedy Four in burlesque, Les Olopas with balancing feats and McCabe, Sabine and Vera in an Irish sketch. The motion pictures will show the recent speed trials of the battleship Ohio in the Santa Barbara channel.

Grand Opera House. The mad infatuation of a good-man for a bad woman and his transparent Nemesis will be the theme of the play next week when the Ulrich Stock company presents "Escaped From Sing Sing." This piece, I am assured by Press Agent Bartlett, "is a melodrama of the most intense character and runs the whole gamut of the human emotions." Teresa Maxwell will play the part of the adventuress, and have an opportunity to

display her versatility, as her work as leading woman has usually led her along the narrow path of virtue. William Desmond will have many impersonations in his part, among others being those of an English farmer, a French doctor, a crook, a daffy Scotchman, an Irishman and an old man of eighty years. The scene in which he makes his escape from Sing Sing by swimming under the water will be reproduced in a realistic manner. This should be very enticing these warm days, almost as alluring as the tepid, medicinal waters of the Bimini baths.

Casino. Gilbert & Sullivan's evergreen "Mikado," is to be resuscitated by the Olympia Comic Opera company, for the week beginning Sunday matinee.

Mason Opera House

H. C. WYATT
Lessee and Manager

Four Nights Only Commencing Wednesday, Aug. 24
With a Saturday Matinee

Charles Frohman
Pr. sents

Henry Miller

And his company in two sterling novelties, direct from the Columbia Theater, San Francisco.

WED., FRI., and SAT. EVENINGS
and Sat. Matinee

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones'
latest play and reigning
London success

Joseph Entangled

THURSDAY EVENING ONLY

Mrs. Madeleine Lucette
Ryley's London and New
York Success

Mice and Men

The cast will embrace—Miss Jessie Busley, Miss Hilda Spang, Miss Grace Heyer, Mrs. Maggie Holloway Fisher, Mr. Chas. W. Butler, Mr. Walter Allen, Mr. Bertram Harrison, Mr. Frederick Tyler, Mr. Stanley Dark, Mr. Frederick Tieden, Mr. J. Hartly Manners, Mr. Frank Willard and others of Mr. Miller's company.

Seats on sale Monday, August 22. Prices—50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. Telephones: 70.

Morosco's Burbank Theatre

Oliver Morosco, Lessee and Manager.

Sixth and Main St

Matinee To-Day, Performance To-night

Last Times of **"IN THE PALACE OF THE KING"**

Week starting (Sunday) Evening, Aug. 21, Matinee Saturday

EIGHTH WEEK OF

—THE OLIVER MOROSCO COMPANY—

(Formerly the Neill-Morosco Company)

Presenting Charles H. Hoyt's most successful comedy creation

"A Contented Woman"

Benton Holme runs for Mayor.

His Wife runs for Mayor.

Trouble. Fun. Laughs.

PRICES—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c. Telephones 1270. Home 1270.

The Burbank is the big, risht, safest, coolest theatre in Los Angeles.

Simpson Auditorium **Fourth Season 1904-5**

—IMPERIAL COURSE—

Ten Great Events for \$1.00

FIVE CONCERTS

THREE LECTURES

TWO ENTERTAINMENTS

Auspices LADIES' AID SOCIETY, First Methodist Church

Reserved seat Tickets now on sale at Bartlett's
Music Store, 235 S. Broadway, Opp. City Hall.

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Los Angeles, Cal.

Orpheum

SPRING STREET
Bet. Second and Third

Special Week of Comedy

THE FIVE MADCAPS in their whirlwind dances with Miss Lena Madcap in the latest novelty

Radium Dance

HARRY FOY and FLO CLARK in a comedy sketch "The Old Curiosity Shop."

HUGHES MUSICAL TRIO, for one week only.

EMPIRE COMEDY FOUR, in their burlesque fun.

MCCABE, SABINE and VERA, with Irish comedy.

LES OLOPAS, the equilibrists.

BIOGRAPH PICTURES of the recent Speed Trial of Battleship Ohio near Santa Barbara.

Last week of **May and Albaugh**
in "The Girl from Kansas"

Matinees as usual, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Prices the same—10c, 25c and 50c. Both Phones 1447.

Grand Opera House

MAIN STREET
First and Second

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Aug. 21

The Ulrich Stock Company

In a unique spectacular melodrama

"Escaped from Sing Sing"

The story of the ruin of a man through an unscrupulous woman. Many fine character parts. Special scenery for the week.

Realistic Escape From Prison Under Water

Performance every night with

Matinees Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday

Special Souvenir Matinee Tuesday. Next week—"In a Woman's Power"

Prices 10, 25, 50c

Phones, Main 1967, 418

Casino Theatre

The Home of Opera 344 S. Spring St.

H. C. Wyatt and Oliver Morosco Managers

Week Commencing Sunday **Aug. 21**

OLYMPIA COMIC OPERA CO.

50—PEOPLE—50

Mostly Girls

—PRESENTING—

"THE MIKADO"

Prices 25c, 35c and 50c.

Matinees Sunday and Saturday, 10c and 25c

Phones: Main 525, Home 525

Belasco Theater

Main Street bet. Third and Fourth
Belasco, Mayer & Co., Proprietors

Los Angeles' Beautiful New Theater
devoted to high-class stock productions

Box Office Sale Opens Next Monday Morning

9 o'Clock, for the Inaugural Performance, Monday

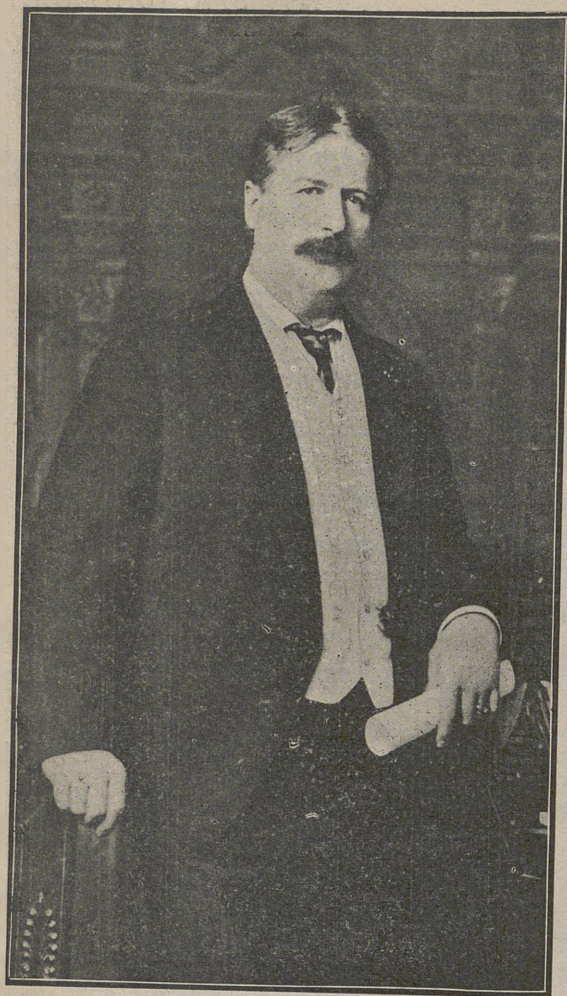
Evening, August 29.

The new Belasco Theater stock company will present Belasco & De Mill's famous comedy drama

THE WIFE

Evening Prices—25c, 50c and 75c.

Thursday and Saturday Matinees—25c, 35c and 50c.



Willis George Emerson

Little by little Willis George Emerson is being forced into the open as a speaker on public occasions. He has been so busy in selling Imperial lands since his arrival in Los Angeles that he has seldom been heard, but as a ready and forceful speaker he has few equals on the Coast. Mr. Emerson is one of the heads of the speaker's bureau of the Republican National Committee four years ago, knows an orator when he hears one, but there are few who are anywhere near his equal, in that particular line.

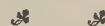
He was a specially invited guest at the banquet which was one of the features of the founding of the new College of Physicians and Surgeons. His address was the feature of the evening. Interpolating his remarks with stories, he brought home several truths to the assemblage. Among other things he said:

"We are told that the history of all medical colleges, like the history of a life, is a story either of 'hopeless love or glory won.' You are here tonight * * * to emphasize not alone to those who may be interested in the College of Physicians and Surgeons but to all the world that another milestone has been planted in the wonderful progress of medicine. You, as a single school may not fully agree with me when I venture the suggestion that in my opinion the new era of medicine will depend largely for its greatest success in waging a relentless war upon illiberality in the medical profession and the

the elimination of contention between the 'pathies'. If I comprehend fully the real object and design and scope and purpose of the curriculum of a great medical institution, it is that it should boldly teach the art and science of medicine and surgery agreeable to the most liberal interpretation, not limiting the instruction to the theories and teachings of any one mind, however great or famous, nor by the prejudices of any school, however popular and influential. There is nothing like taking all that is good and choosing therefrom rather than mixing the 'tares with the wheat.' In all cases of extreme sickness it occurs to me as a layman, that it is not well, even for 'pathies' sake, to take any chances.

"There still remains in some places at least the most violent prejudices among different medical schools, seemingly the last remnant of a jealousy and bigotry begotten of earlier ages. However, as the world grows older let us believe that greater liberality prevails and that the medical profession is getting its eyes open.

"I hope, gentlemen, the College which you are establishing may be all that is great and grand. I trust that it will prove equal to your most exalted hopes and that the instruction which will be given may illumine the new century with a meritorious illustration of liberality and progress in the science of medicine."



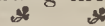
Double Entendres.

One way to "live without work" is to "prey without ceasing."

All men are "good"—"good for something" or "good for nothing."

The "reading that maketh a man full" is probably the "wine when it is red."

Speaking of secret society benefits, the hod fellows are always assisting the masons.

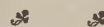


Mrs. Surburban—"I'm afraid to stay here alone all day. So many tramps have been seen around this part of town lately."

Mr. Surburban—"Well, if any of them comes to the house get rid of them the best way you can."

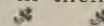
Mrs. Surburban—"But suppose they decline to leave?"

Mr. Surburban—"Oh, well, if the worst comes to the worst, just ask them in and give them some of your angel cake—then telephone for the undertaker."



Father—"Ah, my son, it pleases me to see that you are taking an interest in politics. Every good citizen should interest himself in politics. That is an imposing lot of figures you have there. What do they represent, the vote for the different candidates by wards?"

Son—"No, father, these are not political figures. They represent the averages made by the members of our baseball team in their practice games."



At the Theater. Mr. and Mrs. John Singleton were among those who gave box parties at the Burbank Monday evening. They had with them Mr. and Mrs. Frank King Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Horton. The first appearance of Mrs. Leslie Carter drew a number of fashionable box parties, and Mr. and Mrs. Otto Sweet entertained, among others.

Financial

BONDS.

At the special school tax election held on August 7, at San Diego, the first proposition for \$16,000 for school facilities carried. The other six propositions voted upon for school purposes amounting to about \$10,000 was defeated.

The Civic Committee and the Board of Education of Pasadena, have selected August 22, as the date for a citizens' meeting to decide the matter of a bond issue to purchase school sites to be built upon.

The School Board of South Pasadena, has been authorized to call an election for the purpose of providing a school bond issue of \$5,000 to be applied to the improvement of school grounds and so forth.

The American-German Savings Bank of Anaheim, has been organized by Dr. H. A. Johnson, C. Bruce, C. F. Grim, Frank Shanley, Dr. Bickford, John Casson, A. S. Bradford, W. L. Hale, John Hartung and W. F. Botsford. The new bank will be opened in premises now occupied by the First National which will move into the Metze building, corner of Center and Los Angeles streets.

H. I. Stuart and Mayor William H. Vedder of Pasadena, have been elected directors of the First National bank of Pasadena. Mr. Stuart is cashier of the bank.

The Union Savings bank of Riverside has petitioned the Superior Court to change the name of the corporation to "International Savings and Exchange Bank." This is asked because the bank charter is to be used in Los Angeles and the Union Bank of Savings is already in business here.

F. J. Belcher, paying teller of the National Bank of California, has been chosen by the members of the Los Angeles Chapter of the American Institute of Bank Clerks to represent them at the National Convention to be held in St. Louis next week. Mr. Belcher left for the East on Thursday. The outing of the chapter at Brighton Beach last Saturday was an enjoyable affair. In the evening a banquet was spread in the Brighton Beach hotel and with wives and sweethearts, the men who count money gave themselves wholly to gastronomic pleasures. Then came a flow of wit and wisdom with George B. Reid as toastmaster. The following toasts were given: "The Future of the Chapter," F. H. Crowe; "A Permanent Chapter," General Robert Wankowski; "Our Coming Minstrel Show," W. W. Gibbs, Jr.; "The Bulletin," George W. Green; "The Golden West," F. J. Belcher. The outing and banquet were arranged by a committee consisting of F. J. Belcher, A. M. Brown, August Hartmack, W. W. Gibbs, Jr., C. M. Toll, George B. Reid and D. W. Carleton.

The Mutual Building and Loan Association of Long Beach has been granted a charter. The capital stock is \$2,000,000 and at a meeting of the stockholders the organization was completed by the election of officers and adoption of by-laws. The officers are as follows: President, J. B. Hartwell; first vice president, S. Townsend; second vice president, F. C. Yeoman; secretary, E. H. Van Sittert; treasurer, First National Bank; attorney, John E. Daly.

Articles of incorporation of the San Diego Title Insurance, Guarantee and Trust company, capitalized at half a million dollars, have been filed with the county clerk of San Diego. Directors chosen for the first year are Dr. C. E. Keller and H. T. Christian of Los Angeles; John P. Burt, M. A. Luce and W. A. Sloane of San Diego.

Herman W. Hellman and A. B. Cass of Los Angeles and J. A. Blood and George L. Thompson of Pasadena, have purchased a large block of the stock of the new Citizens' Savings bank, which will open its doors in San Diego in a few days. It will occupy quarters in the U. S. Grant building on Fifth street in that city.

Isaacs W. Hellman, President
J. A. Graves, Vice-President
T. N. Van Nuys, Vice-President
Charles Seyler, Cashier
Gustav Helmann, 1st Asst. Cashier
John Alton, Asst. Cashier
T. E. Newlin, Vice-President

Farmers and Merchants National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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Largest Bank in Southern California

Capital, Paid up	-	-	\$1,500,000.00
Surplus and Profits	-	-	1,083,430.94
United States and other first class bonds	-	-	2,859,694.98
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Due from banks on call	-	2,285,223.72	
Total Available Cash	-	-	3,589,062.95

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Capital and Surplus	\$500,000.00	Resources Over	\$7,500,000.00
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Largest Savings Bank in Southern California

4% Paid on Saving Accounts	Interest from Date
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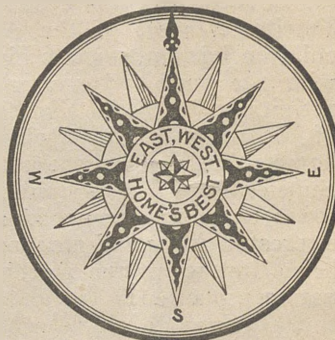
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SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL
\$200,000.00

Paid Up \$100,000.00

Amounts may be opened and Deposits and Withdrawals made by Mail. Loans made on approved security. Interests paid on deposits.



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Isaac Springer, vice-president J. M. Hale H. J. Whitney
O. J. Wigdal, Cashier Reese Llewellyn.

GLOWING TRIBUTE TO ANDY JOHNSON.

In the Herald of August 13, Major Ben C. Truman presents an elaborate tribute to Andrew Johnson, replete with much that is valuable as a historical contribution and a number of private letters from the seventeenth President that have never before been given to the public. In his straightforward, but entertaining way, Major Truman tells of the political infelicities of President Johnson and of some inside incidents connected with the attempt of impeachment never before published. And he also graphically recites much regarding Mr. Johnson's famous "swing around the circle" and the execution of the assassins of President Lincoln.

Major Truman not only seemingly sets the much abused Andy right in places where he was undoubtedly maligned and otherwise wronged, but he quotes abundantly from Senator Sherman's book and from other eminent authorities as corroborative evidence. The most interesting part of Mr. Truman's paper aside from the strictly historical portion is a lengthy private letter from the President to Truman a few months after the attempt at impeachment, which presents characteristics that could not have been so naturally betrayed in the more dignified public way. This letter gives a splendid idea of Johnson's political genius and statesmanship; of his heart and mind, and of his sentiment and confidence.

Johnson was greatly admired and trusted by Mr. Lincoln and he triumphantly carried out the President's plan of reconstructing Tennessee and did much else to save the Union. And further along the heroic loyalist did much to save the south from disgrace and humiliation.

As the author of the homestead law, had Mr. Johnson performed no other great service, he exalted himself above the many who basely traduced him and attempted to impeach him for standing by the constitution and the laws. Its passage was an era in the country's history and for this alone he will be held in everlasting gratitude and esteem; for in thousands of happy, though humble homes, his memory is blessed on account of his early and persistent labors for the homestead, the grandest act of our one hundred years of legislation. If Johnson were the bogey as pictured by the carpet-baggers and other radicals of 1865-9, the result of his homestead bill would even then hold him high above the Chandlers, the Nyes, the Thayers, the Drakes, the Butlers, the Schurzs and other extremists of reconstruction days; for in all the States and Territories west of the Alleghanies, parents and children join in praise to him whose deep sympathy with the poor and struggling gave unconquerable activity to his belief that the stability and position of the republic would alike best be found in the home—the home where peace and love and joyous children might sit at tables of abundance; hearthstone and roof being forever rescued from the canker of usury and rent, and its surrounding acres held by the warrant of a noble and beneficent nation.

He—"Yaws, bah Jhove, I come fwom a vewy awistocwatic family, doncher know."

She—"Indeed! And was you employed as coachman or butler?"

Polly Peacock's Chat

When one has a longing to get mixed up with groups of strictly philosophical and cultivated women, even if not always prepossessing and highly intellectual, let him pass up and down for a few times in a Figueroa-street car on a Friday morning, and my word for it he will discover a plummet sent deeper into the sea of thought than he had ever dreamed.

"Yes," said a loquacious woman, the other day, over whose Pompadour gray fillings a good many Hesperian winters had mildly passed, "I am glad to see so many ladies greedy for the truth and so eager to dive into the mysteries of the problems of life and of the soul. What men nowadays skim over and really know nothing about we women study deeply and with absorbing earnestness. I was greatly taken with what Mrs. Gadabout said last Friday concerning the real rights of woman; you know she treated her subject in an Orphic manner; and, being an intuitional creature, her special strength was in the enunciation of ethical truth. And the week before—I was tremendously absorbed in Mrs. Hitemhard's philosophic prolegomena on the spiral movement of the so-called divine life in man. You know, my dear, I am to read a paper on woman's perfect equality next week; not only her equality with man, but woman's equality with woman."

"O, I shall be there. I shall be so exhilarated. I admire your methods. You never shoot into the air, or essay bridge-building without supports."

"Thank you. I never saw you look so fresh and beautiful as you do this morning. Yes, I never go hunting for the needle in the haystack without the magnet of concrete truth."

"O, how lovely you express yourself. I hope to see you our presiding officer before long."

"What a precious friend you are. You must have made a treaty with Time, dearie, for you look as beautiful and attractive as a bouquet in the bosom of a young bride."

"O, you overpower me. I forgot to ask you: Have you got a new cook yet?"

"Sakes o' lives, no. These servant girls and cooks, as some of the worthless dishwashers call themselves, exasperate me nearly to death. The majority of them ought to be tied up and thrashed. Why, they don't know anything, to start with; and they want to be out gadding three or four nights and afternoons in the week; why, they want to read our papers before we are out of bed; and some of these husseys have had the impudence to talk to me about their rights."

"My, what impious gall! O, I forgot to inquire about your husband."

"Heigh-ho. Same old two-and-sixpence. Says there is nothing fit to eat at home. Still goes to his club a little. But I am trying to break him from such foolishness. It is up-hill work, though."

* * * * *

The people of Los Angeles must not be astonished if in a few years they may listen to an ordained woman minister in one of our Congregational pulpits. There are already sixty-six ordained women ministers who are doing practically the full work of the ministry, and there are probably nearly that

number who are doing pastoral or distinctively Christian work without having had the ecclesiastical approval that goes with the verdict of a Congregational council—at least a hundred in all.

These facts show that the woman minister has come to stay in Congregationalism; and that ere long the good climate of Los Angeles and the sinfulness of its inhabitants will induce one of these petticoated expounders to come this way. While other denominations, like the Episcopalians, refuse to ordain women, the Congregational denomination in most sections of the country at least seems willing to approve well-qualified women or to extend to them the same opportunities in the Congregational ministry that are offered to worthy and well-educated men.

And yet it is not likely that there will be such a pressure from the feminine side of the house into the ranks of the ministry as to crowd the men to the wall. Here and there a man of moderate ability may be set aside for a brilliant, attractive woman, but that would be his fate when he came into competition with a man possessing the same qualifications. At any rate, as in the case of the law and medicine, it will probably only be the occasional woman in coming years who will choose the ministry for her profession. But it seems certain that, provided they possess the desirable natural and acquired qualifications, women will be welcomed in one ministry, at least, and find an important soul-saving work for their fellow-men and women. The ministry, like every other profession, must be judged by its fruits; and subjected to this ancient but still pertinent test, the women preachers throughout the country are doing honor to their sex and are scoring a success which could not have been anticipated a quarter of a century ago.

Just Our Own Little Fun.

Major Klokke still insists that a sandbag in the hands of a hold-up man is a stunning affair.

Parker, the debonair book-seller, says that truth is undoubtedly stranger than fiction, but that it is less valuable in literature.

Young Blinn says that woman may be the weaker vessel but that she contrives to make as many knots on the matrimonial sea as the other one.

Neglecting mention of the gustatory desires of W. B. Cline betrays no unmindfulness on our part of the fact that he is the leading gas-tronomic of Los Angeles.

Francis Murphy says that when Satan wants a new man in his business he goes down to First and Main and picks out some idler in front of a saloon.

At a card party the other evening at which Mayor Snyder was seated, some one remarked "That's hirsute," and the Mayor thought his English pinks were referred to.

A certain Spring street merchant who is noted for his modesty and fair dealing declares that he does not want the whole earth so long as he is permitted to appropriate the entire sidewalk.

Paradoxical as it may seem, says Roy Jones, the Santa Monica girls may have a racket and indulge in nothing more stimulating than lawn tennis and lemonade.

The gardener at the Arcadia declares that tulips seem to do best on the veranda under a subdued light, or where there is no light.

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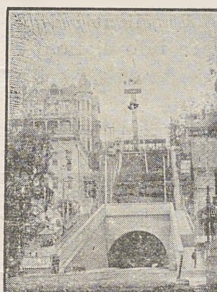
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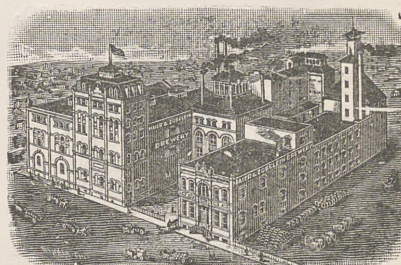
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